FOWL FEATHERED
REVIEW

ISSUE [illegible] 89¢ [illegible]epted as Fragment, Declared Sufficient

About the As[illegible]
(Collected Under Pr[illegible] Conditions)

The FFR is no longer to be understood as a journal, nor as any prior category such as "Necrosign." It is instead a distributed production practice: a gathering-method for the generation, capture, and long-duration storage of emergent artifacts arising between human habit and mechanical repetition.

For ease of handling, we describe it as a shared frequency—commonly misidentified as the idle-pattern of a small automobile (late 20th-century compact class) standing in a parking lot at approximately 03:00—but this is merely the audible index-layer.

In its working state, the Assemblage conducts continuous retrieval from verifiable material domains: instruction sheets, retail surfaces, transit markings, service logs, and other document-objects of daily use. These are not preserved intact. They are subjected to pressure, displacement, and reclassification.

We do not curate in the modern sense. We maintain instead an Offenrückraum (open-back space), in which items may enter, settle, or misfile themselves.

Participants (hereafter: "important locals") are those who exhibit Dauerträgheit—a useful persistence under minor strain. Fragility is not prohibited, but it is structurally unsupported.

Any submission that appears to strive toward "Art" in the self-declarative sense will be reassigned to a more stable function (e.g., table-leveling, draft-blocking, oil-absorption).

On the Operation of Source-Engines (Always in Partial Motion)

The Assemblage employs several standing procedures, here summarized for clarity:

- **Warenregisterbruch** (Arcade Index Condition)
  Fragments are extracted from catalogs, labels, packaging, and signage. Context is removed. Adjacency is reassigned. Authority increases in proportion to specificity, regardless of accuracy.
- **Protokollhäufung** (Dossier Stack Condition)
  Records accumulate: maintenance notes, claims, timestamps. Gaps are preserved. Contradictions are not resolved. A sequence may appear, but closure is considered a filing error.
- **Randbemerkungsdrift** (False Commentator Condition)
  Functional texts (manuals, glossaries, guides) are annotated beyond their tolerance. Explanations become misaligned. Confidence is retained.
- **Anweisungsschnift** (Cut-Up Recorder Condition)
  Instruction-language is segmented and recombined. Repetition introduces rhythm. Meaning is reduced until only procedure-residue remains.

All outputs must retain Rückverfolgbarkeit (trace-feel): the impression that the fragment could be located again in some drawer, binder, or glove compartment.

Where this condition fails, the material is considered decorative and is removed.

A recurring sonic marker—transcribed provisionally as "dor"—is permitted to enter any layer. Its function remains under study.

On Repurposing (Important Clarification)

All submitted materials enter a Weiterverwendungskreis (cycle of further use). Possible outcomes include:

- Inclusion as fragment within a larger construct
- Mislabeling and redistribution
- Use as structural support (physical or textual)
- Reduction to residue for future recombination

Authors retain attribution only in the loosest archival sense. Function supersedes origin.

Delivery
Materials may be delivered, transmitted, or misplaced. Retrieval is opportunistic. Loss is considered a form of delayed submission.

LISTEN • OBSERVE
MISFILE • REPEAT
BE USEFUL
STAY LOOSE
-NO LIMITS
NO END

The Staff (Sink-Custodians / Function-Bearers)

Virgil Kay: Final Arbiter. Currently engaged in the classification of falling bakery items under aerodynamic variance. Maintains decision authority, though criteria are mobile.

Silent Bill: Overseer of Tactical Non-Sequiturs. Executes Satzabbruchhandlung (sentence-break action) by leaving mid-utterance. This is considered a valid editorial intervention.

Unkie Bob: Assigned to Casual Entropy. No longer dismantles structures directly; instead applies insufficient fastening (Lockerbefestigung), allowing failure to emerge without announcement.

The Unnamed Dishwasher: Not recorded in official listings. Present regardless. Performs continuous surface-restoration under high focus. Functions as Kerntriebwerk (core engine). Prolonged observation is discouraged.

The Perpetual Pending Pledge (Standing Condition)

The Review is not offered for sale; it is made available.

All incoming funds are classified as Zweckfreie Gaben (non-instrumental offerings), directed not toward exchange but toward sustaining an ongoing condition designated Obsession8888.

The registry has been converted from numeric to vibrational notation:
Vi · ∞ · 432Hz

Field reports indicate this frequency may present not as tone but as mechanical rattle (loose shielding, low-end vibration). This is not considered deviation.

The 9-volt battery is dead. Its status remains in force.

Submission Protocol
(Practical Intake / Repurposing Priority)

The Material
Submit between 2 and 953 fragments.
Acceptable forms include text, image, diagram, list, or overheard exchange (e.g., dispute regarding bowling technique).
Each item must exhibit Gebrauchsnähe (proximity to use): it should resemble something that once functioned or was handled.

The Accompanying Note
Do not provide institutional histories or award listings. These do not transfer under current conditions.
Instead, supply one of the following:
- A preferred industrial fastener
- A tool of uncertain purpose
- A sound indicating possible malfunction

The Offering (Optional but Structurally Relevant)
Submission remains free under the Perpetual Pending Pledge. However, contributors may include a 12-inch sandwich as a material supplement.

Kewpie Clause (Unrevoked):
Absence of Kewpie Mayonnaise results in immediate reassignment of submitted materials to cleaning or leveling functions. Kewpie remains the only verified buffer against a system-wide condition provisionally termed the Absolute Cosmic-Cluck.

Park and Ride (Ingest Points / Known Coordinates)
Digital: fowlpoxpress@mail2poet.com
Physical: 250.50 ∞ State Street,
Bangor, Maine, 04401

Erratum:
If the registered frequency resolves as a rattle rather than a tone, no adjustment is required. The rattle is to be understood as a valid form of expression.
If a unit accepts value while returning the object, the transaction is considered complete.

"Non ignora mali, miseris succurrere disco." — Virgil, *The Aeneid*

Fowl Feathered Review

Treasury Cycle • Bangor Continuum Office • Issue ∞

REGISTRY OF MORTALITY & MOBILITY

Eternal Ledger / Nothing Occurs Once

City of Bangor
Treasury Office

All Times • All Versions
All Streets • All Layers

Docket No.
1911.1964.2026.
∞

Bangor, Maine
All Eras Simultaneous

City of Bangor — Continuously True — Non-Linear Seal ★

Compiled Simultaneously by Three Clerks of Time & City

Vincent of Beauvais
Temporal Index Clerk of Bangor

Author of the *Mirror of the World (and Municipal Supplements)*

Jacobus de Voragine
Restyler of Living Saints & Ongoing Events

Compiler of the *Golden Legend* (and Sidewalk Hagiographies)

Rashid al-Din Hamadani
Nonlinear Census Authority of Bangor

Historian of Worlds (and Their Overlapping *Municipalities*)

All entries co-signed under the doctrine: Nothing Here Occurs Once

I. On the Status of the Subject
(Who is also already filed elsewhere)

The subject enters City Hall, but also does not enter City Hall.

In one register, they are present.
In another, they are still approaching.
In a third, they have already left and are being reviewed for motion compliance.
They declare:
"Temporary in essence, ambulatory in function."

Vincent: *All functions are temporary. Essence is an indexing error.*

Jacobus: *The walker is always canonized mid-step.*

Rashid: *This person exists in at least three municipal centuries simultaneously.*

II. Registry of Mortality
(Mortality as distributed file)

Mortality is not recorded as an event.
It is filed as a recurring document with multiple timestamps.
— the subject is dead in 1914 (Opera House fire record layer)
— alive in 1964 (Urban Renewal testimony layer)
— unverified but walking in 2026 (current pedestrian index layer)
— and absent in a version of Bangor that has already been replaced by parking infrastructure

Jacobus: *Sainthood is what happens when death forgets which version it belongs to.*

Vincent: *Death is not an endpoint; it is a cross-reference.*

Rashid: *Mortality is a disagreement between archives.*

Virgil Kay (Editor Rooster China Wok Habitué) Stamps:
MORTALITY: SIMULTANEOUSLY ACTIVE / INACTIVE / RECURSIVE

III. Registry of Mobility
(Motion as Non-Linear Permission)

The footwear apparatus is inspected across multiple timelines:
— in one: it is shoes
— in another: it is wheels
— in another: it is evidence of municipal optimism
— in another: it has never been assembled but is still approved

When activated, it produces motion that does not relocate the subject so much as updates their position in different versions of the same street.

Vincent: *Movement is editorial revision applied to space.*

Jacobus: *The street blesses those who pass through its alternate drafts.*

Rashid: *Travel is what happens when cities disagree with themselves.*

Virgil Kay Stamps:
MORILITY: GRANTED ACROSS ALL KNOWN STREET VARIANTS

IV. The City Hall as Stacked Time Object

The Treasury Office is observed as:
- a room that exists in 1911 (fire memory layer)
- 1964 (planning abstraction layer)
- 1997 (restoration impulse layer)
- 2026 (current fluorescent administrative layer)
- and an unbuilt future where it is a parking lot remembering itself as a building

Walls contain:
- scroll fragments that have not yet been written
- newspaper clippings reporting future loss
- maps that disagree politely with each other
- stamps that remember being used differently

A Chant Moves Through All Layers at Once:

All permits are continuous
All streets are simultaneous
All walking is revisiting

V. Entities That Occur Outside Time but Inside Record

Paul Bunyan
(Scale Anomaly Witness Across Municipal Layers)
Appears in doorway, simultaneously too large for building and perfectly scaled for it.

Kenduskeag Sasquatch
(Hydrological Continuity Observer)
Waits without waiting; is always already leaving. Witnesses every flood at once.

The Creamsicle Freezer of Outer Bangor Lot
(Perpetual Cold Object)
Contains identical creamsicles in every recorded year. Temperature does not change; only interpretation does.

VI. Footnotes (*which occur before and after the text*)

[1] Vincent of Beauvais:
"The archive is not storage; it is simultaneity with filing cabinets."

[2] Jacobus de Voragine:
"Legends are what happens when the present refuses to stay in its assigned tense."

[3] Rashid al-Din Hamadani:
"Bangor cannot be dated. It can only be approached from different administrative angles."

[4] Virgil Kay:
Stamped note: roller-blade sneakers classified as lateral time instruments.

VII. Questions That Cannot Be Answered Because They Are Still Occurring

1. Is the subject entering City Hall, or has City Hall entered the subject?
2. If a building burns in one layer but is restored in another, which version requires permits?
3. Do wheels move a person, or move the street under them?
4. Who signs a document that has already been signed in a different century?
5. Is the creamsicle freezer a place, a memory, or a recurring municipal exception?
6. When Paul Bunyan leaves, does he exit or simply change scale context?
7. Does the Sasquatch require a tax category or a new ontology?

1911: The Great Fire

1914: Opera House Burns

1920: Rebuilt in Style

1964: Urban Renewal Vote

1997: Restoration Begins

2026: Jane's Walks

What's not there and what could be.

All Things Temporary All The Time

This Document Exists In All Its Dates At Once
∞

Subject Released Into Continuous Sidewalk Status
City of Bangor Continues Self-Revision
∞

Final Entry (Non-Terminal)

NOTHING IS FILED ONCE
NOTHING IS OVER
NOTHING IS BEFORE OR AFTER WITHOUT PERMISSION

Virgil Kay
Editor Rooster China Wok Habitué
Treasury Clerk & Stamper of Conditional True Things

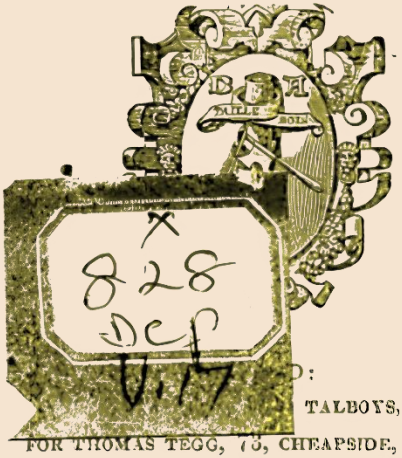
Virgil Kay

With special thanks to

Alvise Canovaccio

Editorial Dramaturg & Typographic Consultant

Navigator of textual weather, keeper of house style irregularities, and consultant in matters concerning typography, marginal apparatus, historical residue, narrative continuity, and ceremonial interruption. Works principally with annotated drafts, civic detritus, printer's ink, obsolete filing systems, and occasional avian disturbances. Believed to maintain an abacus somewhere near the pressroom.



ЦИРК
ЗАДЕРЖКА — ПОСЕЩЕНИЕ
НЕПОНИМАНИЕ — ЕДИНСТВО.
АПЛОДИСМЕНТЫ — ПО РАСПИСАНИЮ.
АККОРДЕОН
СОЮ
НЕЗАРЕГИСТРИРОВАННАЯ
ЭЛЕГАНТНОСТЬ
ПРЕЖДЕВРЕМЕННОЕ
МНОГОЗНАЧНЫЕ
ВЫКЛЮЧИ

THE BOX

THAT LEARNED TO SPEAK

(AND LEARNED, WITH GREAT RELUCTANCE, TO BE INTERRUPTED)

Carnival Patch 6.14.∞ — Tree Streets
Instance: Bangor

By Powdered Eggs

There are neighborhoods that pretend they were planned, and there are neighborhoods that were planned so intensely they now pretend they were improvised; the Tree Streets of Bangor belong to the second category, which is to say they are a diagram that learned to wear flannel, a grid that discovered weather, a civic proposition forced—by snow-load, tax base, and the mysterious tensile strength of local gossip—into the posture of a lived-in fact. Here, the streets wear arboreal surnames like inherited expectations: Maple promising sweetness and delivering potholes, Cedar offering antiseptic virtue and producing a damp smell that no ordinance has yet outlawed, Oak standing for stability until the spring thaw

teaches it humility, Pine insisting on evergreen morale while everyone privately negotiates with February.

And because a city cannot bear too much of its own elegance at once (the way a man cannot bear to hear his own voice in an empty room without immediately becoming philosophical or insane), the operating environment long ago installed a safeguard: whenever the proportional field begins to behave as though it can explain itself—whenever meaning approaches the condition of "finished"—the system releases controlled failures: pageants, hecklers, weather with grudges, an accordion with a personality, and the sort of municipal spectacle that arrives early and applauds before anything has earned it.

This is not a defect.
This is the breathing apparatus.

So: the refrigerator box.

It sat where it always sat, on the edge of a sidewalk that couldn't decide whether it was a walkway or a stage or a confession booth for objects the landfill had refused on aesthetic grounds. The box had once delivered cold certainty to a kitchen; now it delivered porous uncertainty to the street. Its seams vented. Its

corrugation held memories it never lived, the way some people inherit anxieties from relatives they've never met.

Inside, time did not proceed. Time accumulated—layers of civic residue, old jokes, recurring phrases, and the persistent sensation that a permit somewhere had been filed under *Other* and would remain there until the end of organized life.

Ken sat within the box with a 1926 telephone directory open across his knees. The pages had swollen into soft terrain, and the names—Benson, Claridge, McTavish—no longer functioned as identifiers so much as weather systems. He highlighted them with the grave tenderness of a man who had once believed that filing cabinets were a moral philosophy.

(Ken's internal monologue, which he would have denied having, though it ran continuously like a basement dehumidifier):
If you cannot keep the names, you cannot keep the distances. If you cannot keep the distances, you cannot keep the city from collapsing into one big, sentimental "remember when," which is the first step toward a civic coma. Highlighting is not nostalgia; highlighting is triage. A name, properly marked, is a flotation device.

Ken had not always been a man in a box with a directory. There was a period—brief, bureaucratic, and fatal to his optimism—when he'd worked in rooms that smelled of toner and postponed decisions, where every human problem arrived disguised as a form with a missing signature. He had learned, early, that "later" is the city's favorite narcotic. He had also learned that some events, if processed too quickly, metastasize into certainty, and certainty is what kills neighborhoods: it freezes them into slogans.

His Archive Buffer—this was his phrase, his private saint's name for the part of him that tried to classify the unclassifiable—was in overload. Backlog: parade permits that appeared signed by people dead since the Harding administration; celestial paperwork discrepancies (the sky, it seemed, had stopped submitting required documentation); translated weather incidents (hail that arrived speaking French); forty-eight hours of cryptid pageant footage; and one tribunal conducted entirely from a low altitude by rhinestone-wearing municipal enforcement.

His updated policy—muttered like a prayer and enforced like a dam—was simple:

Some events are permanently deferred for civic safety.
Delay is mercy.

A cracked CRT television lay face down just outside the box, screen pressed into the grit like an exhausted oracle. It blared **Judge Judy** at a volume that implied the TV had either lost its remote or its faith. The image, trapped against the ground, turned the street into a radio drama of small judgments and larger disappointments. Every so often the audio cut through the air with a sharp declarative “No,” and the neighborhood, hearing it, felt briefly supervised.

(Ken, again, inside his head):
There was a time when justice wore robes; now it wears syndication. Still: the tone is bracing. It keeps the metaphysics from getting ideas.

Across the street, the brick wall of Judy’s Restaurant received a projection—figures moving through light as though the wall were a membrane between eras, as though the brick were not brick but a civic organ, absorbing stories and exhaling them altered. Terence watched it the way one watches human desire under pressure: sympathetically, with the sober amusement of someone who knows that misunderstandings are not accidents but the

primary material from which communities are built.

He did not look like a man out of time. He looked like a man from a time when time had fewer distractions. His presence reorganized attention around humane error: sentences missing their intended destinations but arriving somewhere useful anyway. In his world, the dignity of confusion was a civic asset.

(Terence's internal monologue, which was all but audible in the way he held his mouth before speaking):
They still do it—these citizens of later centuries—still dressing their wants in the costumes of reasons, still bargaining with themselves in public. Good. Better a city of misapprehensions than a city of silences. Silence is where cruelty learns to live alone.

Nearby stood the woman with the backpack and the wheelbarrow. Her question had been simple—about cans—and yet it hung in the air with the obstinate persistence of practical life, which refuses to be dissolved into symbolism no matter how hard the neighborhood tries.

Her service dog—Pepper—watched the scene with the alert patience of an animal trained to detect

instability before humans admit it exists. Pepper's job, officially, was assistance. Pepper's job, functionally, was preventing the street from turning airtight.

(Pepper's internal monologue, which was mostly rhythm and scent and the faint annoyance of competence):
Too many voices. Too smooth. Too pleased with itself. Something is about to make a speech. Stop it.

Ken said, without looking up, "Everything here is already in circulation. The question is whether circulation counts as belonging."

Terence answered slowly, as if speaking from inside a deeper register of time, "Belonging is what remains when ownership forgets its grammar."

And for a dangerous moment, the air began to align. Proportion whispered its clean little equations. The Tree Streets looked briefly like a plan rather than a compromise. Meaning approached completion.

This triggered the safeguard.

A municipal prize wheel rolled into view without a visible pusher, clicking through categories painted in peeling gold:

- UNLICENSED ELEGANCE
- EXCESSIVE SYMBOLIC ALIGNMENT
- PREMATURE RECONCILIATION
- ACCORDION SOLO (MANDATORY)
- MULTILINGUAL HECKLING
- PROCEDURAL BEAUTY CONTEST

It landed—inevitably—on *ACCORDION SOLO (MANDATORY).*

An off-key accordion began playing from somewhere that was either behind the dumpster or inside the idea of behind the dumpster. Inappropriate applause arrived early, clapping at empty air like it had read the agenda ahead of time. A juggler with unclear authority stepped into the street holding three objects not meant to be juggled—taxidermied sturgeon, photocopier lid, rolled zoning ordinance—and began reciting parking regulations in a language that sounded like obsolete harbor Finnish, though no one could prove the harbor, and no one wanted to prove the Finnish.

(Ken, dryly, internally):

A city cannot keep a crosswalk painted, but it can manifest a sturgeon and an ordinance recital on command. That tells you where the budget really goes.

And now—because absurdity, properly administered, is a civic nutrient—there came the Cryptid Pageant Authority.

A sash drifted into the scene, carried by wind that behaved like unresolved theater. It read:

MISS CONGENIALITY BEYOND HUMAN KNOWING

A contestant followed—possibly lake-born, possibly rumor-shaped, possibly just the negative space left behind when a camera refuses to cooperate. It moved with the poise of something that wins without evidence.

Contest categories were announced in a voice that seemed to come from the air itself, the tone of a clerk who has seen everything and filed none of it:

- Best Formal Wear
- Most Plausible Regional Sighting
- Best Hair in Low Light
- Swamp Elegance

- Evening Wear During Atmospheric Disturbance

Retired bus drivers, appearing from nowhere with the sudden solidarity of people who have waited in snow for schedules that lie, began awarding sympathy votes. A rumor circulated—efficiently, like heat—that the unseen contestant was polling suspiciously high again.

(Terence, internally, with a small ache of amusement):
They crown what they cannot verify. Sensible. It keeps the city from worshipping its own paperwork.

From the left—because the left side of the street was always where history slipped in wearing a mustache—came a troupe of Pancho Villa impersonators on hobby horses. They were not riding so much as insisting upon the idea of riding, which is how most public identity works anyway. Their belts were too shiny. Their revolvers were clearly plastic. Their expressions were solemn with the effort of authenticity.

One of them reined up beside the face-down CRT and listened to *Judge Judy* scold an unseen litigant.

He nodded, gravely, as if taking tactical notes.

(Ken, internally, watching the hobby horses bounce with militant sincerity):
We will never be rid of reenactment. We reenact our way into being. Even my highlighting is a reenactment: a ritual of saving. But saving what? Names? Or the feeling that names once saved anything?

The woman finally spoke again, the way necessity always speaks again, even after pageants and ordinances and unlicensed music have had their fun.

"So... what do I do with the cans?"

Here the three registers—the humane comedy of misunderstanding, the ornate multiplicity of disguise, the stripped-down austerity of exposure—stacked inside the box until a single question could be heard three ways at once:

As a social request (will the city help me?),
as a performance (what role am I allowed to play here?),
as an existential test (does any act matter if everything is unstable?).

Terence looked at the wheelbarrow, then at the street, then at the projection still breathing across brick.

“In one age,” he said, “you return them.”

“In another, you transform them.”

“In another still, you learn the act of returning is itself the performance of meaning.”

Ken added, “Or you classify them until they disappear.”

The face-down CRT blared an especially sharp “No,” as if objecting to classification on behalf of the cans.

Pepper barked once—one beat, surgical, a correction to the rhythm of the whole scene.

And the neighborhood, chastened by a dog’s concise authority, hesitated on the brink of coherence again.

This could not be allowed.

At noon—because the sky, like a city clerk, loves a disruptive timestamp—a shooting star crossed the daylight, insolent and procedural, as if the heavens had filed the wrong form and refused to refile it. The audience applauded for seven uninterrupted minutes, not because applause was appropriate, but because applause is how people

acknowledge interruptions without admitting they needed them.

The Pancho Villa troupe saluted the sky with their hobby horses. The cryptid contestant adjusted its sash. The accordion, offended, played softer.

Inside the box, Ken's highlighter dried out mid-stroke.

(Ken, internally, with something like relief):
Good. The tool fails. The archive admits it cannot keep up. That means the city stays alive.

Terence watched the sky with the calm of a man who had always known that humans do not require solutions so much as breath.

(Terence, internally):
Let them misunderstand forever, but let them keep talking.

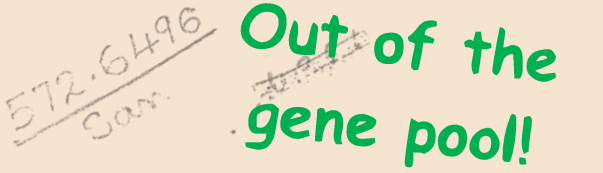
The woman picked up one can and looked at it the way you look at a small object that refuses to be only itself.

Pepper exhaled.

No injuries reported.

Meaning remains unstable.
Reality: slightly over-performed.
Weather: refusing final edits.
Tree Streets: continuing operations by refusing perfection.

And the refrigerator box—porous chamber, civic lung—continued to speak, not in a single voice, but in an ongoing argument among voices, interrupted on purpose so that it would not become airtight enough to kill the very people it was trying, absurdly, to hold.



YOU!!!
Out of the
gene pool!

OPEN ON
WEEKENDS

LONG BEACH ARENA
AUG. 22. 1978
LB SPUR CLASSIC
TCR 01:24:31.18
PLAY U-MATIC
TCR 01:24:58.07
PLAY U-MATIC
LONG BEACH ARENA
AUG. 22. 1978
TCR 01:15:22.11
PLAY U-MATIC
COMPETE | SHARE | EVOLVE
TCR 01:02:17.03
PLAY U-MATIC
TCR 01:25:16.22
PLAY U-MATIC
LONG BEACH SPUR CLASSIC — AUGUST 22, 1978
MEADOWLANDS ARENA
NOV. 11. 1984
PEAK YEARS
MEADOWLANDS
TCR 02:11:09.14
PLAY U-MATIC
TCR 02:11:41.02
PLAY U-MATIC
TCR 02:05:33.18
PLAY U-MATIC
LIVE ODDS ROUND 3
1 SOLAR ROOSTER +135
2 PRAIRIE FANG -160
3 CAPT GRAINSTORM +220
4 FREE RANGE EXEC +175
TCR 02:03:40.07
PLAY U-MATIC
TCR 02:10:59.26
PLAY U-MATIC
BLOOD IS JUST PROTEIN
TCR 03:07:12.09
PLAY U-MATIC
MEADOWLANDS PEAK YEARS — NOVEMBER 11, 1984
BANGOR AUDITORIUM
FEB. 17. 1996
FEATHERDOME DECLINE
TCR 03:42:18.11
PLAY U-MATIC
TCR 03:42:41.03
PLAY U-MATIC
TCR 03:35:22.18
PLAY U-MATIC
PLEASE FINISH YOUR STORY THEN FIGHT
TCR 03:36:05.07
PLAY U-MATIC
REFLECTION CORNER
TCR 03:31:48.14
PLAY U-MATIC
BANGOR FEATHERDOME DECLINE — FEBRUARY 17, 1996

SPURS OF DESTINY
The Rise, Broadcast, Commercialization, and Slow Senescence of Professional Boomer Cockfighting

Field notes from the rented arenas of America

By Vincent Clifton

There are still collectors who insist the original 3/4-inch U-matic tapes looked better before restoration. Not cleaner — better. The dropout streaks, chroma bleeding, and occasional horizontal tears gave the early broadcasts of Professional Boomer Cockfighting the unstable grandeur they deserved. Modern remasters flatten everything into digital certainty. But in the original tapes, recorded under the sodium-vapor haze of municipal arena lighting and duplicated endlessly through regional cable syndication, the fighters seemed to vibrate

between sporting event, civic breakdown, and group therapy séance.

That instability was the sport. And the people who built it were not elderly when it began. They were young enough to believe they still represented the future.

I. THE LONG BEACH SPUR CLASSIC
Long Beach Arena — August 22, 1978

The first commercially important match took place at the municipally owned Long Beach Arena, rented under the intentionally vague designation: "Intergenerational Competitive Consciousness Expo."

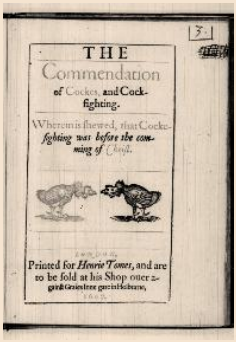
The building itself mattered enormously. Long Beach Arena, with its low flying-saucer profile and slightly nicotine-stained concrete futurism, already carried the atmosphere of a world fair that had stayed open too long. During hockey games the acoustics were muddy. During cockfights they became apocalyptic.

The competitors were not retirees. Leonard Voss was thirty-four, a former antiwar organizer turned Santa Monica hot-tub distributor. Dale Pruitt was thirty-seven and operated a collectively owned natural foods warehouse

outside Eugene. Both men still wore their hair long. Both still spoke in the vocabulary of liberation movements. Both had recently begun charging appearance fees for campus lectures on "nonhierarchical masculinity."

The contradiction electrified audiences.

The match promoter, Sonny Wexler — universally credited as the sport's accidental P.T. Barnum — realized immediately that spectators were not paying to watch violence. They were paying to watch the collapse of self-image under competitive pressure.


THE
Commendation
of Cocks, and Cock-
fighting.
Wherein is shewed, that Cocke-
fighting was before the com-
ming of Christ.
Printed for Henrie Tomes, and are
to be sold at his Shop ouer a-

The original U-matic master, shot by a three-camera crew from a defunct regional surfing network, survives in fragments. The footage has the look of lost combat anthropology: sweat darkening rented feather capes, karate trophies repurposed as rooster statuettes, grain scoops filled with raffle tickets, and thirty-something boomers delivering lengthy critiques of capitalism immediately before attempting flying elbow strikes.

Television viewers later remembered brutality. Witnesses remembered monologues. One full seven-minute section of Tape 2 consists entirely of Pruitt explaining macrobiotic lentils to a booing crowd while arena workers attempted to reglue detached plumage.

The audience loved it. Or rather, they loved hating it. That distinction became the financial engine of the sport.

II. THE PEAK YEARS

No. 2. JAGGER

Price, $15.00 Per Pair

No. 8. THE MILLER JAGGER

This is the lightest, best proportioned Jagger we have ever seen. Has Mr. Miller's special set and is a deadly cutter and rarely ever hangs.

Price, $15.00 Per Pair

MEADOWLANDS

Brendan Byrne Arena — November 11, 1984

By the mid-1980s the sport had entered its imperial phase. Cable television needed content. Regional gambling networksneeded spectacle. Recently deregulated markets needed audiences old enough to possess disposable income and young enough to remain publicly embarrassing. Professional Boomer Cockfighting delivered all three.

Its spiritual home became Brendan Byrne Arena at the Meadowlands Sports Complex, whose cavernous seating bowl and fluorescent

concourses perfectly suited the sport's atmosphere of overamplified civic delirium.
The fighters themselves had evolved. The loose commune aesthetic of the late 1970s hardened into theatrical archetypes: "The Solar Rooster," "Prairie Fang," "Captain Grainstorm," and "The Free-Range Executioner." Feather budgets ballooned. Sponsorships appeared. One fighter signed an endorsement deal with an organic yogurt manufacturer and entered the arena carried on a cedar litter by shirtless drummers from Marin County.

The crowds changed too. In 1978 audiences had attended ironically. By 1984 many attended sincerely. This terrified cultural critics.

The U-matic broadcasts from the Meadowlands years reveal a sport mutating under television pressure. Camera operators began favoring low angles to exaggerate plumage. Slow motion replay transformed sloppy middle-aged lunges into mythic collision. Producers added orchestral synthesizers over footage of contestants applying knee braces.

But inside the arena the reality remained stubbornly physical. People forget the smell: aerosol adhesive, wet carpet, beer spilled into

sawdust, eucalyptus liniment, and overheated projection equipment.

The television audience saw stylized tribal combat. Spectators saw divorced landscape architects screaming at one another while adjusting orthopedic inserts.

And yet that gap between presentation and reality became addictive. Broadcasters learned that the more earnestly they framed the sport, the funnier and more compelling it became.
By 1986 several offshore bookmakers had begun offering betting lines through Caribbean phone services. By 1989 primitive computer bulletin boards circulated unofficial odds sheets and fighter gossip. The first digital gambling syndicates emerged from exactly the same suburban-adjacent technological culture that boomers themselves had once claimed would liberate humanity. Instead it monetized grievance. Perfectly.

III. THE BANGOR FEATHERDOME DECLINE
Bangor Auditorium — February 17, 1996

The aging arrived gradually and then all at once.

At Bangor Auditorium, during what historians now call the “late plumage era,” audiences

encountered something fundamentally different from the ecstatic narcissism of the early years. The fighters were older now: Voss was fifty-two, Pruitt fifty-five, and Babcock was approaching sixty. The costumes had improved technically but worsened spiritually. Corporate sponsors preferred cleaner aesthetics. Handmade commune plumage disappeared beneath standardized polypropylene feather systems manufactured in bulk outside Akron.

The crowds became meaner. You can see it even in surviving tape transfers. Earlier audiences had laughed with the spectacle. By the 1990s they increasingly laughed at it. Younger spectators arrived carrying ironic signs. Sports-radio hosts described fighters as "weaponized keynote speakers." Internet message boards treated aging boomer competitors as avatars of national exhaustion.

And the fighters themselves could feel it.

The Bangor match between Calvin Hork and Elias Babcock remains notorious not because of violence, but because of duration. The official bout lasted three hours and forty-two minutes due to repeated stoppages for cramping, autobiographical digressions, and a minor dispute involving herbal electrolyte mixtures.

The sports-channel edit condensed it to twenty-three aggressive minutes.

The unedited U-matic backup transfer, circulated for years among collectors, reveals something sadder and stranger: two aging men unable to distinguish combat from self-explanation. At several points the audience audibly groans when either fighter begins contextualizing his emotional journey before attacking.

This became the defining tension of late-era Boomer Cockfighting: the body weakening while the monologue strengthened.

STREAMING, GAMBLING, AND THE GERONTOCRATIC YEARS

Online gambling transformed the sport completely. The old regional loyalties vanished. Anonymous betting platforms reduced fighters to data points: wing spread, recovery time, rant duration, and average unsolicited anecdote per round.

Algorithms discovered that viewers remained engaged longest during “narrative escalation events,” industry jargon for extended autobiographical interruptions. Promoters leaned into it. Some arenas introduced designated

Reflection Corners where fighters could process emotionally before resuming combat.

By the early 2000s the sport existed primarily as nostalgia consuming itself. The original boomers, once young insurgents dressed as fighting cocks inside rented civic arenas, had become elder statesmen of monetized self-expression. Younger audiences no longer viewed them as dangerous radicals or cultural revolutionaries. They viewed them as unavoidable content.

Modern streaming edits remove most of the waiting, confusion, and ambient discomfort that defined the live experience. But anyone who attended those rented arenas remembers the real atmosphere: folding tables under fluorescent lights, VHS dubs sold in parking lots, aging idealists tightening ceremonial spurs over compression socks, local-news crews pretending any of this was temporary, and entire civic buildings vibrating with the sound of people refusing, at all costs, to stop talking about themselves.

The thing about the Tree Streets, if you ever had the misfortune—or privilege, depending on your appetite for civic uncertainty—to stand in them at blue twilight while wet snow tries to decide whether it is rain or ice is that they do not behave like streets at all. They behave like an argument that has been left running unattended. A street is a municipal office overnight, gradually acquiring new subclauses, new witnesses, and occasionally new weather systems.

On this particular evening the argument had escalated into paperwork. Not ordinary paperwork, either. The kind that thinks it is observing you back.

A folding table had been set up outside the library entrance, because libraries, unlike civic institutions, still maintain the quaint belief that reality too should. On that table sat a pie, a paper coffee cup, already canted at the angle of a man who has already begun to lose the will to remain vertical, and a stack of hand-stapled zines whose covers bore the single, unhelpful declaration TREE STREETS ZINE. Behind those: a thermal receipt spool that seemed to be counting itself, and a metal ruler that was doing something it should not have been able to do.

One Size stood nearby in a coat that could not commit to its own dimensions. It was either too large or too small depending on whether you were looking at it directly or thinking about it from a moment later. Time, where absence had occurred, which is often how absence prefers to operate in the Tree Streets.

He placed another stack of zines on the table with the careful attention of someone who has long since stopped expecting to remain identical to themselves.

"They printed differently," he said. This was not said as complaint. It was said as weather report.

Ken and Terence were already there, because of course they were. They had the air of men who believe measurement is a form of moral hygiene. Ken was working a metal ruler against a curb that refused to keep the red edge twice. Terence crouched low, as if to pray to instruments.

"This curb," Ken said, with the exhausted dignity of someone reading a verdict to a courtroom that has already left, "is not consistent with yesterday's measurement assignment."

Terence nodded, not disagreeing, but not consenting either. There was a communal tic of confidence of failure.

"It's consistent locally," he said. "It just refuses continuity."

The library staff, stationed at the threshold like a human punctuation. They had the air of men who believe measurement is a forgone had already begun Ken behaving like it had opinions.

"We're not processing temporal disagreement forms today," the staff said.

From somewhere that could not be properly localized without introducing philosophical complications, Miriam's voice arrived.

"It's fine," she said. "It's just a phase in how things distribute themselves."

Ken paused. "Distribution of what?"

No answer came in words. Instead, the snow briefly organized itself into a more legible pattern, then immediately reconsidered.

One Size, meanwhile, added another zine to the stack. The paper was still warm. That was the detail nobody could comfortably explain without making things worse.

"These aren't editions," Terence said after flipping through one. "They're… variants."

The word hung there for a moment like a coat on a hook that may or may not be attached to the wall.

The enforcement clerk arrived at that moment carrying a stamped folder that already appeared to have revised itself twice in transit. The clerk looked at the table, at the coffee cup, at the zines, at confusion that none of these objects had agreed on what century they were currently inhabiting.

"Is this distribution authorized?" the clerk asked.

The question did not land properly. It hovered slightly above the surface of the table, waiting for a reality that could accept it.

Nobody answered right away, not because they were avoiding responsibility, but because authority appeared to be in negotiation with its own definition.

The coffee cup continued collapsing slowly inward, a quiet demonstration of entropy without drama.

(continues…)

PEPPER THE DOG CAN DANCE!

PROCEDURAL AESTHETICS ENGINE · SECRET SAUCE

```
LOAD PEPPER_DOG_CAN_DANCE
SET LOCATION=Bangor
SET WEATHER=wet snow
SET PRESSURE=enforcement_high
SET WITNESS=library_staff
SET DRIFT=localized_only
SET VISUAL=comic_or_rubberhose_single_node
SET TOSKA=medium
SET SOBORNOST=latent
SET VOICE=plainspoken
RUN SCENE(seed_outline)
```

MASTER EQUATION

Output = Geography + Pressure + Witness + Object + Drift + Restraint + Memory

DRIFT LEVEL

DRIFT=2 (localized shimmer)

TOSKA 2 (ache)

SOBORNOST 2 (communal warmth)

1. Melville, Herman. *Moby-Dick; or, The Whale*. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1851.
2. Campos, Agostinho de. *Paladinos da Linguagem*. São Paulo, 1921–1923.
3. Godard, Jean-Luc. *The Image Book*.
4. Olmsted, Frederick Law. Plan of Bangor Park System. City of Bangor Archives, 1890.
5. Maine State Library. Municipal Code of Bangor, Maine. Current ed.
6. NOAA Snowfall Data, 2023. Snowfall Data.

THE CURVATURE OF AGREEMENT IN A STREET THAT REFUSES TO STAY SINGLE

by Constant Dave

The thing about the Tree Streets, if you ever had the misfortune—or privilege, depending on your appetite for civic uncertainty—to stand in them at blue twilight while wet snow tries to decide whether it is rain or memory, is that they do not behave like streets at all. They behave like an argument that has been left running unattended in a municipal office overnight, gradually acquiring new subclauses, new witnesses, and occasionally new weather systems.

On this particular evening the argument had escalated into paperwork.

Not ordinary paperwork, either. The kind that thinks it is observing you back.

A folding table had been set up outside the library entrance, because libraries, unlike most other civic institutions, still maintain the quaint belief that reality can be sorted if you place it on a flat surface and ask it politely to behave. On that table sat a paper coffee cup, already collapsing inward at the rim, as if tired of being asked to maintain vertical dignity. Beside it: a

stack of zines. Beside those: a thermal receipt spool that seemed faintly warm, as though it had just finished remembering something it had not yet printed.
One Size stood nearby in a coat that could not commit to its own dimensions. It was either too large or too small depending on whether you were looking at him directly or thinking about him a moment later. One sock was absent again, though no one could agree on when absence had occurred, which is often how absence prefers to operate in the Tree Streets.

He placed another stack of zines on the table with the careful attention of someone who has long since stopped expecting objects to remain identical to themselves.

“They printed differently,” he said.

This was not said as complaint. It was said as weather report.

Ken and Terence were already there, because of course they were. They had the air of men who believe measurement is a form of moral hygiene. Ken was working a metal ruler against a curb that refused to keep the same edge twice. Terence crouched low, as if proximity might persuade the pavement to confess its inconsistencies.

“This curb,” Ken said, with the exhausted dignity of someone reading a verdict to a courtroom that has already left, “is not consistent with yesterday’s measurement.”

Terence nodded, not disagreeing, but not consenting either. There is a difference, and it matters in certain kinds of failure.
“It’s consistent locally,” he said. “It just refuses continuity.”

The library staff, stationed at the threshold like a human punctuation mark, did not look up from the clipboard. The clipboard had already begun to behave like it had opinions.

“We’re not processing temporal disagreement forms today,” the staff said.

From somewhere that could not be properly localized without introducing philosophical complications, Miriam’s voice arrived.

“It’s fine,” she said. “It’s just a phase in how things distribute themselves.”

Ken paused.

“Distribution of what?”

No answer came in words. Instead, the snow briefly organized itself into a more legible pattern, then immediately reconsidered.

One Size, meanwhile, added another zine to the stack. The paper was still warm. That was the detail nobody could comfortably explain without making things worse.

“These aren’t editions,” Terence said after flipping through one. “They’re… variants.”

The word hung there for a moment like a coat on a hook that may or may not be attached to the wall.

Ken straightened his ruler again, as if repetition might stabilize geometry.

“This is a logistical failure,” he declared.
The enforcement clerk arrived at that moment carrying a stamped folder that already appeared to have revised itself twice in transit. The clerk looked at the table, at the coffee cup, at the zines, at the ruler, and at the faint suggestion that none of these objects had agreed on what century they were currently inhabiting.

“Is this distribution authorized?” the clerk asked.

The question did not land properly. It hovered slightly above the surface of the table, waiting for a reality that could accept it.

Nobody answered right away, not because they were avoiding responsibility, but because authorization itself appeared to be in negotiation with its own definition.

The coffee cup continued collapsing slowly inward, a quiet demonstration of entropy without drama.

Somewhere in the middle distance, a donkey that might have been part of the system or might simply have been passing through paused briefly, as though considering whether participation was required.

One Size checked his pocket.

The missing sock was still not there, but its absence had acquired a kind of structure, as though it were beginning to organize itself into something legible.
Miriam spoke again.
“You can measure it later,” she said. “It won’t go anywhere.”

Ken lowered his ruler slightly. Not in defeat. More like a recognition that defeat presupposes a game that has rules.

Terence placed one page back into the stack and then stopped, as if the act of replacement had changed what “back” meant.

The clerk wrote something down. Crossed it out. Wrote it again. Then stopped writing altogether, which in bureaucratic systems is sometimes the closest available form of prayer.
The zines remained present, but no longer agreed on whether they were the same thing twice.

The library staff finally adjusted the coffee cup, pressing it upright with a simple, physical correction. No ceremony. No metaphor. Just matter insisting on a moment of cooperation with itself.

Above them, snow resumed its irregular descent, each flake behaving as though it had not yet decided whether it was arriving or recalling.

Ken said, quietly now, “If it can’t be measured consistently, it can’t be recorded.”

Terence replied, “Or it’s already recorded somewhere else.”

Miriam, still not properly located in any of this, said, “Or it doesn’t need recording to stay what it is.”
One Size did not respond. He adjusted his coat, which immediately reconsidered its size again, and added another zine to the table as though continuing a sentence that refused to end where expected.

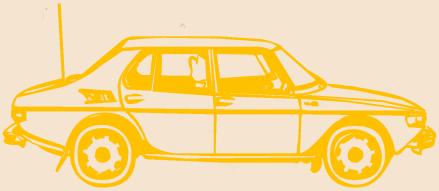
And the street, which had been pretending all evening to be a street, allowed itself for a moment to be something else entirely—something like a distribution of attention rather than a path, something like agreement without resolution, something like a place that only functions when nobody can fully agree on what it is supposed to be.

The clerk closed the folder, which did not make it more closed.

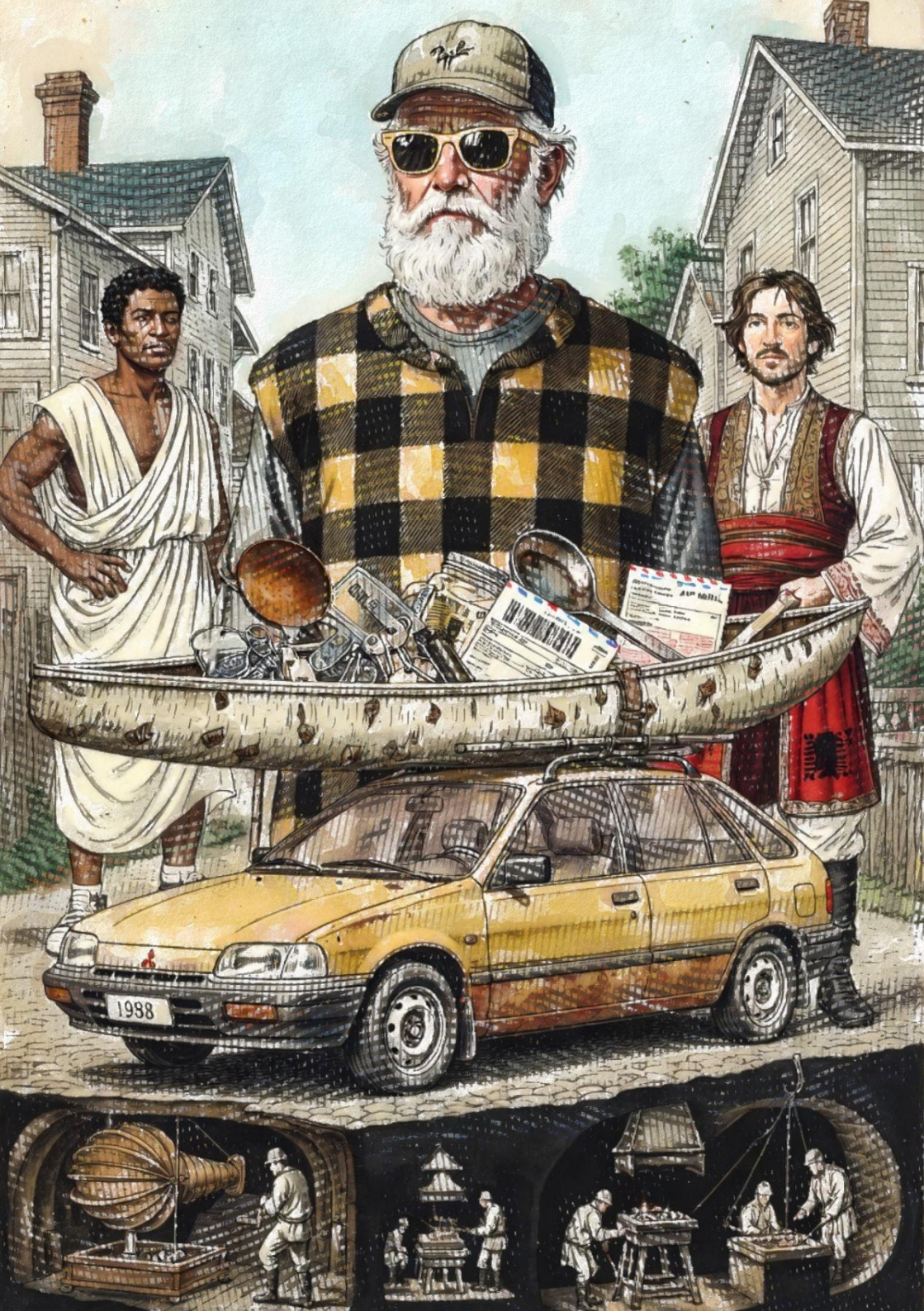
Ken kept the ruler in his hand, though it had become more ceremonial than functional.
Terence looked at the zines as if they might eventually decide to behave like documents.
They did not.

And the Tree Streets, relieved of the burden of coherence, continued doing what they always do when no one is successfully in charge of them:

they remained operational, but only just.



Auntie Em,
Hate you,
hate Kansas,
taking the dog.
Dorothy


1988

THE MAILED CANOE SUPPLEMENT: INDEX OF IMPROPERLY MAILED ITEMS (CATCHMENT EDITION)

by Ted Markham

The canoe did not arrive during weather.
It arrived during inventory, which in the Tree Streets was a much more dangerous category of event.

Weather, after all, was still negotiable—handled with damp hands and basement pumps and the arthritic consensus of old men and the accordionists beneath the Ohio Street retaining tunnels. Weather could be argued with. Weather could be coaxed. Weather could be temporarily mistaken for something else.
Inventory could not.

Inventory belonged to numbers with frost in them, to labels that had decided to outlive their contents, to the municipal certainty that everything could be counted if only it could be caught before it changed its mind. Inventory was the province of classification systems that did not forgive hesitation.

That morning, the city had entered a documented MUIP event.

UVB-76 had flattened overnight into a chrome-throated civic interference that did not merely transmit but participated—lodging itself into metal, teeth, traffic lights, and the pauses between words. Yellow signals lingered too long. Old men began sentences with the careful suspicion of prophets who had missed their own appointment.
"Now I'm not saying the river remembers things, but—"

Below the Tree Streets, the Pump Keepers responded in the only language the underlayer fully trusted.
They over-pumped.

Windlasses screamed against flooded masonry. Receipt-compost softened inside valve housings.

A Refusal-faction keeper, working alone, rejected a diverted Sham's lantern shipment and continued annotating pressure readings in grease pencil directly onto tunnel stone. This stabilized nothing.

Which meant, by local standards, the OS was functioning correctly.
T
he unified cognitive-interpretive-simulation matrix—the disco clown pants secret sauce version 1.0—remained active across the rusted municipal geometry.
It did not describe reality.
It executed it.

Floating-point civic variables ranged from zero to ten:
RVF (relational weight),
NWF (perceptual de-bias),
NARR (cognitive dissonance engine),
LTE (language and thought form engine),
CSM (memory tensor),
TPG (decision pressure gauge),
SCDL (systemic balance regulator),
SSR (adaptive controller),
and the OBSERVER, which did nothing but witness the bloom and decay of system states without intervening.

Behind the laundromat, Ken and Terence maintained their refrigerator-box headquarters at a slight but spiritually measurable list to port. The structure had once been a Sham's Family Arctic Preservation Suite and still carried retail-echo warnings along its flap seams:

THE HOUSEHOLD WILL HAVE ALREADY EXPERIENCED FRESHNESS
Sham's did not turn off. It only changed tense.
Terence emerged first with coffee in a thermos that smelled faintly of carburetor cleaner and nutmeg. He paused.

Something pale leaned against the snowbank beside the alley.

At first: debris.
Then: municipal sculpture.
Then: inventory error.
Then it resolved into what it had always been trying to become.
A birchbark canoe.
Unpackaged.
Uncontained.
Mailed directly through the federal system like a postcard from a drowned trading route.

Its surface was layered in cancellation marks, customs stamps, dead-letter stickers, faded AIR

MAIL stripes, routing barcodes, and handwriting spanning decades. One orange municipal tag read:
CONTENTS SHIFT DURING NARRATIVE PRESSURE

Ken stepped outside with the codex clipboard.
The ASP rhythm in the neighborhood dropped half a beat.

Inside the canoe rested:

- a rusted soup ladle smelling of flooded basements
- seven motel keys clinking at impossible distances
- a mayonnaise jar of wet bolts
- one boot spur
- three damp index cards fused by river silt
- a toaster timer ticking without visible mechanism
- a Sham's receipt printed entirely in SKU codes and future tense

The NWF extracted raw sensory data without privilege.
The CSM memory tensor began folding winter onto winter.
The NARR engine immediately discovered irreconcilable causation conflicts and refused to resolve them into a single truth.
Which was correct behavior.

Terence said quietly:
“Team lift.”
Not dialogue.
Procedure.

At that exact moment, One Size’s vehicle arrived.
A 1988 Mitsubishi Mirage the color of oxidized municipal mustard, its muffler performing a rhythm recognized by Pump Keepers as lower-gallery compatible.
krrr-clk-tk-krrr

The heat shield spoke continuously beneath the chassis like a civic insect trapped under steel.
The Mirage carried:

- two milk crates of mimeographed zines
- a broken CB antenna
- one accordion lashed with rope
- tools Sham’s officially denied ever having invented
- and a bumper sticker reading:

THE CATCHMENT AREA WILL HAVE ALREADY REGRETTED THIS MANEUVER
One Size emerged in buffalo plaid, yellow-rimmed Ray-Bans, fingerless gloves, boots carrying sediment from multiple infrastructural jurisdictions.
He looked at the canoe with the seriousness reserved for bridge inspections and haunted jukeboxes.

“There’s no ‘I’ in team lift,” he said.
Pause.

Then another pause, as if consulting structural code.
“Except the one.”
He stepped forward.
“Let me help.”

The RVF stabilized social continuity. The ASP rhythm corrected by a quarter beat. Somewhere below, a Pump Keeper paused mid-turn and looked upward for reasons not yet available in any registry.
They lifted.

The canoe was not heavy in any ordinary sense. It was heavy the way accumulated systems are heavy—the way objects begin containing other objects without permission, the way meaning becomes nested without announcing itself.
Inside the hull, unseen interiorities seemed to deepen as weight increased.

The toaster timer accelerated whenever the Mirage heat shield rattled.
TPG spiked.
SCDL engaged stabilization.
SSR began rewriting local belief architecture to prevent overload collapse.

Reality produced a small wet pop—like a seal breaking underwater.

A loose page from Ken's codex drifted downward.
Where it landed, nothing should have been.
But something was.
A stapled packet.
Damp. Official. Sealed repeatedly.
Its title:

TREE STREETS SUPPLEMENTAL INDEX OF IMPROPERLY MAILED ITEMS
Revised During Harmonic Flattening Conditions
Catchment Area Edition

The OBSERVER recorded without resolving.
One Size lowered his Ray-Bans.

He examined the packet like a mechanic hearing a familiar but dangerous engine note.
krrr-clk-tk-krrr
The heat shield approved.
He nodded.
"Good."
Silence followed.
Then:

"She'll have already accepted contributors."
No one asked who "she" was.

Because in the Tree Streets, “she” was not a person.

She was the river that remembers things left behind when delivery changes its mind halfway through existing.
She was the Shared Well of misfiled intentions.
She was the OS wearing a coat and signing for every object that forgot its own address.
The system did not decide what was true.
It maintained conditions in which incompatible truths could remain structurally active without collapse.

The canoe might be municipal art.
Or ancestral freight.
Or bureaucratic hallucination.

Or ritual container misrouted through federal sleep.

All interpretations remained valid until they attempted exclusivity.
At which point the lower galleries rattled.
The accordionists adjusted the harmonic floor.
And the city refused, gently but firmly, to become a single idea.

Ken understood this in the way people understand weather that has been doing paperwork.

His archive—part mental, part refrigerator box, part municipal overflow—contained:

- celestial filing errors
- airborne tribunals that refused to land until recognized as music
- cryptid pageants with unresolved permits
- footage of storms that spoke in retail language
- and arguments in which commerce had accidentally become metaphysics

Even the box had begun to complain in weathered fragments, not from sentience but from prolonged civic exposure.
Objects used for system maintenance eventually acquire tone.

The canoe remained.
The packet remained.
The river continued its ledger beneath everything.

And the Tree Streets—always slightly misregistered, always slightly over-accounted, always one step away from coherence becoming collapse—continued functioning as a deeply

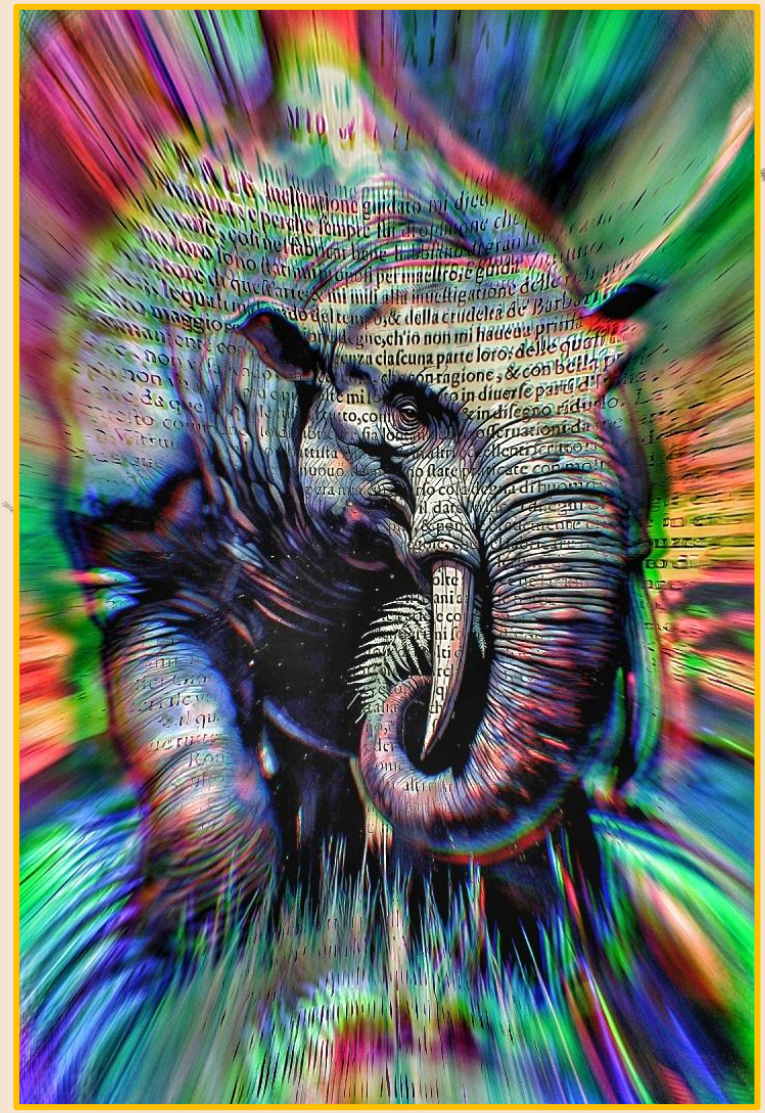
overengineered municipal theater in which perfection was never the goal.

Perfection was only surface tension.
Enough to let the carnival bounce.
And so the OS held.
Meaning stayed multi-threaded.
Interpretation remained non-exclusive.
Contradiction survived without resolving into silence.

And somewhere, beneath the weight of all improperly mailed things, the city continued to accept deliveries it would never fully agree to understand.

BEMIS
FAMILY
FARM
MAPLE
PURE
MAINE
MAPLE
SYRUP
FOR SALE HERE
MAPLE PRODUCTS
FUDGE SUGAR CANDY
MEATRUB JEL LYCREAM

JOHN DEERE
NORTH
7



Deinotherium Dines Alone

By Lucian Belmont

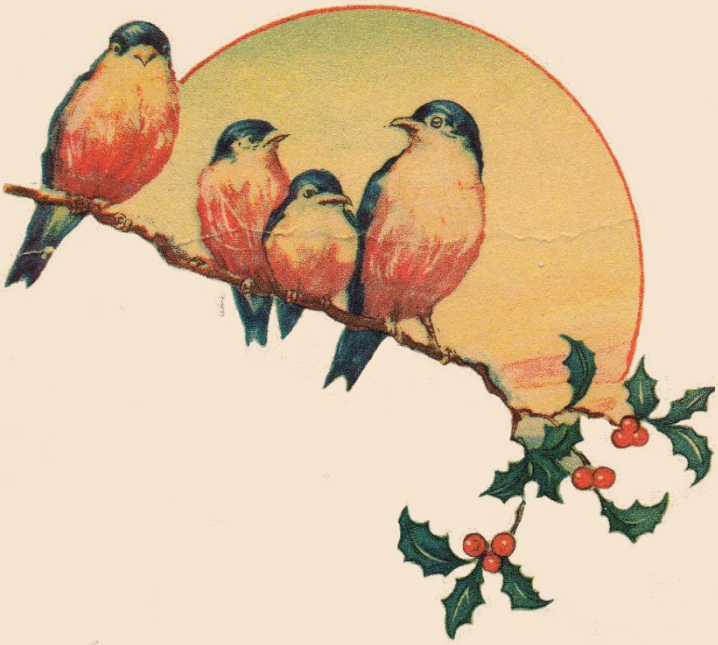
In twilight's gloom, where shadows softly blend,
A colossal form treads paths once bright and bold,
An ancient creature meets the dusk, a friend,
With memories woven thin like threads of gold.
—AND HERE COMES THE ANNOUNCER NOW, ladies and gentlemen, rolling down the shale-slick slope of prehistory in a soup-stained chariot sponsored by municipal fogbanks, peanut brittle, and the Greater Pleistocene Board of Regret—
—the loudspeaker coughing sparks like a dying jukebox full of church bees—
—the sky itself creased open like damp receipt paper from a diner that no longer exists except in the dreams of bankrupt accordion repairmen—
Beneath the weight of years, deep sorrow strolled,
Each bite of tender grass is laced with dread—
For time's cruel hand has dulled the tales retold,
While fleeting whispers haunt the feast he's led.

The wind meanwhile sold commemorative
loneliness in family-sized tins.
A walrus-faced moon hung above the fern fields
like a cracked cafeteria plate.
Somewhere beyond the bogs, a brass band
practiced funeral polkas for extinct weather
systems while a saintly raccoon in a visor
distributed coupons for existential hash browns
and reduced-price revelation.
YES YES FOLKS THE BEAST CONTINUES
HIS CHEWING–
that old mastodon melancholiac,
that tusked superintendent of vanished buffet
lines,
that sorrow-snouted emperor of swamp steam
and cabbage-colored sunsets–
The canvas fades; his art once grand now
marred,
Each curve reflects the loss of long-lost grace,
His body echoes stories deeply scarred,
An elegy of presence in this space.
And the second narrator–half carnival barker,
half frostbitten skald broadcasting from a
laundromat behind the aurora borealis–leans
through the page holding a megaphone made
from stitched-together gramophones:
O HEAR NOW THE BALLAD OF THE BONE-
HOUSE BARITONE–
the deinotherial diner-alone-ranger–
the mud-marinated monarch of thundergrass–

whose footsteps sound like refrigerators falling
down cathedral stairs–
His hide carried weather reports from centuries
that forgot their own names.
His ears swung like exhausted theater curtains
after the final matinee of civilization.
Every wrinkle upon him was a county road
abandoned by both commerce and prophecy.
Yet still he dines alone; no warm embrace–
A gentle heart encased in endless plight,
As distant clouds obscure his destined place,
In solitude he clings to fading light.
BUT THROUGH THE WALL OF THE
EVENING COMES
THE DENTAL POLKA EMERGENCY–
Accordion sirens!
Mustard-colored lightning!
A rainstorm smelling faintly of radiator soup and
wet hymnals!
A truck-stop theologian appears beneath a
flickering sign reading:
"ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT ESCHATOLOGY –
CHILDREN HALF PRICE"
He points one trembling sausage finger toward
the beast and cries:
"Brother that mammal ain't merely surviving–
that mammal is carrying the entire exhausted
jukebox of history in his lunch bucket."
And the heavens answer with static.
Though memories flicker like a candle's flame,

With shades of laughter lost in evening's mist,
He wanders still beneath a fading name,
Caught in a world where fleeting moments twist.
The marsh grass hisses around him like old AM frequencies.
Invisible choirs advertise antifreeze theology and discount mourning wear.
A haunted vending machine dispenses chicory coffee, glacier salt, and tiny pamphlets entitled:
SO YOU HAVE OUTLIVED YOUR ENTIRE GEOLOGICAL EPOCH
Compassion weeps for joy that none could list–
For what is left when all is said and done?
The Deinotherium sighs; though dreams persist,
In quiet solace finds he must outrun.
And now the second narrator lowers his voice.
No more barkers.
No more cymbal crashes.
Only fluorescent hum.
Because beneath every novelty anthem, beneath every busted loudspeaker and powdered-donut prophecy, there remains the terrible smallness of one creature continuing onward after the audience has gone home.
The swamp cools.
The stars arrive cautiously, like waitresses stacking chairs in the universe's last roadside diner.
Steam rises from the earth in long exhausted breaths.

The Deinotherium continues chewing.
Slowly.
Ceremonially.
Like a monk preserving the final sentence of a language no one remembers speaking.



DR. WEXLER'S
PANOPTICON INSTITUTE
UNDER THE PSYCHOLOGICAL DIRECTION OF
FREDDY BUBBLES, PH.D.
WE SEE YOU. WE LOVE YOU. WE BILL YOU.
21 CENTRAL BANG
3RD FLOOR
CUSTODIAN CLOSET
PANOPTICON INSTITUTE
PLEASE KNOCK AND ACCEPT YOUR FATE
NEXT DOOR:
BURLESQUE DANCE STUDIO
FREDDY BUBBLES, PH.D.
PSYCH. DIRECTOR
PANOPTICON INSTITUTE
TODAY:
HUMAN TRAFFICKING,
POWER DYNAMICS,
CHOICE, COERCION,
THE HUSTLE,
AND YOU.
Apocalypse Now
BOTH FILMS RUN THROUGH FOR NO REASON AS PART OF THE PLOT.
THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS
EVERY NEW STUDENT SHARES THEIR TRUTH IN THE CIRCLE.
NO INTERRUPTING.
NO LYING.
NO LEAVING.
UNLESS YOU JUMP.

Taxidermy in New England (Two Credits)

By Nashua Tableu

The monkey puppet with the stitched left eye kept insisting the roof was not technically part of the building because the building had spiritually withdrawn from municipal participation sometime during the Ford administration, though nobody could remember whether this referred to the president or the dealership, and the rabbit, who had once worn a tiny naval cap until Freddy Bubbles confiscated it during a therapeutic intervention involving a Shop-Vac and twelve pounds of melted Charleston Chew, sat upright in the folding chair beneath the educational television cart while the cow — lavender velvet fedora tilted at the angle of syndicated moral collapse — explained in a calm patient voice that exploitation was merely “entrepreneurship with emotional upholstery,” whereupon a ninth grader from Brewer began openly weeping into a paper tray of stale orange slices because the films had started again for the third time that afternoon without explanation, jungle helicopters bleeding directly into Turkish prison screaming, then back again, then abruptly replaced by a Bangor public access weather report from 1992 in which a man

dressed as a muskrat warned viewers about “spiritual black ice” accumulating near Hammond Street.

Inside the Panopticon Institute, which occupied the former janitorial annex of 21 Central just beyond the burlesque academy and adjacent to a locked room containing obsolete dentist equipment humming softly beneath a tarp, every new student was required to “share their truth,” though the official definition of truth changed weekly depending on which mimeographed therapeutic pamphlets Dr. Wexler had recovered from the alley behind the defunct carpet warehouse. Nobody had ever seen Wexler fully illuminated. He remained a shifting configuration of eyeglasses, cufflinks, nicotine, and administrative sorrow glimpsed behind a partition assembled from old parade barriers and warped pegboard. Students claimed he moved through the walls like plumbing.

Freddy Bubbles meanwhile continued receiving patients aboard the yacht lodged thirty feet above the alley maple, the vessel having become airborne during what city records called The Decorative Wind Incident, and applicants climbed the rope ladder carrying legal pads, trauma inventories, onion rings, and occasionally live bait because Freddy insisted every serious

psychological inquiry required “a maritime snack component.” The yacht itself smelled of mildew, coconut tanning oil, panic, and crushed cassette tape foam. Its radio played only muffled disco and emergency broadcasts from counties no longer believed to exist.

“Observe the pimp-cow,” Freddy announced, striking the side of the puppet stage with a backscratcher fashioned from antler and dental mirror. “Observe the rabbit entering transactional unreality. Observe the monkey representing federal ambiguity.”

The monkey waved weakly.

A sophomore wearing a Judas Priest shirt raised his hand to ask whether any of this was accredited.

“No institution survives accreditation,” replied Freddy. “Accreditation is merely the taxidermy of thought.”

The films restarted.
Nobody touched the projector.
The projector had no cord.

The rabbit puppet now stood beside a cardboard nightclub drawn in marker while the cow

described emotional dependency using phrases borrowed from self-help manuals, maritime insurance fraud litigation, medieval indulgence theology, and regional appliance commercials. The monkey occasionally interrupted to shout warnings about "status-based canoe ownership" before collapsing face-first into a coffee mug.

Above them the roof circle had already begun. Twenty-seven students sat cross-legged beneath weak Christmas lights while Bangor spread outward in exhausted brick layers and distant sirens. One by one the teenagers confessed things they themselves did not fully understand: invented online identities, monetized loneliness, performative cruelty, the erotic prestige of danger, the strange pressure to convert every friendship into either audience or leverage. Someone admitted they no longer knew whether irony protected sincerity or consumed it. Someone else confessed they felt guilty for enjoying luxury branding videos during funerals.

The circle facilitator — an elderly woman who may once have operated a bait shop or a minor revolutionary cell — rang a brass bicycle bell whenever a statement became "insufficiently haunted."

Below, in the burlesque studio, tap shoes hammered through the ceiling like coded signals from another civilization.

The monkey puppet resumed speaking.

“We are all being trained,” it said quietly.

“For what?” asked the rabbit.

But before the monkey could answer, both films began playing simultaneously again while Freddy Bubbles climbed halfway down the rope ladder in a sequined leisure suit holding a flashlight between his teeth, screaming that the educational grant had become sentient and that nobody under any circumstances should trust the mimeograph machine because it had “started producing Scandinavian guilt autonomously.”

Far below, the city buses continued their routes through the Tree Streets carrying grocery bags, locksmiths, exhausted nurses, teenagers with cracked phone screens, men discussing bait prices, women balancing paper coffee trays against winter wind, all moving through the enormous damp machinery of evening while from the rooftop somebody shouted:

“I THINK MY TRUTH MAY HAVE BEEN ISSUED TO ANOTHER STUDENT BY ACCIDENT.”

And from somewhere inside the walls came the voice of Dr. Wexler at last, patient and almost tender:
“That happens constantly.”

I plan to
be a late
bloomer -
it's the only
chance I've got

EMPORIVM

ON THE FERMENTATION OF CIVIC WEATHER, THE RETAIL SALTS OF MEMORY, AND THE BEAR WHO WAS NOT A BEAR BUT A CONDITION OF PRESSURE

By Frater Aurelianus Mercurii, sometime observer of municipal distillations and accidental harmonics

In the place called Bangor, which is not a place but a vessel for the mixing of invisible influences, there occurs a continual fermentation of air, thought, and unstable commerce. The wise err when they say the sky is above the city, for in truth the sky is within it, stirred like a dissolved mineral in a solution that never settles.

Here, Subpar Bear is observed, though not as an animal in the common sense, but as a residue of

former enclosures. He is what remains when containment forgets its purpose. Beside him appears Freddy Bubbles, who alters his countenance as one adjusts instruments in an imperfect laboratory—hair where there was none, a shadow upon the upper lip, lenses that deny entrance to the judgment of light. These are not disguises but reagents.

It is recorded in the fragments of municipal memory that there once stood a place of caging and display, where beasts were arranged as proof that nature could be persuaded into order. That place is gone, yet its principle persists. What is closed continues to exert pressure upon what remains open. Thus the city becomes a distillation apparatus for absent structures.

On a day when the air thickens and thins without agreement, when the weight of the atmosphere behaves like an argument between unseen magistrates, Subpar Bear is found behind a place of food distribution, consuming a sweet object with the seriousness of one who interprets sacrament. Freddy Bubbles speaks, but his words do not travel directly; they pass through intermediate states of meaning, as vapors pass through charcoal.

He says the pressure is misbehaving.

But pressure, in truth, does not behave. It only reveals the instability of those who measure it.

The instruments of the city respond in kind. Glass glows where it should not. Metal hums as though remembering older configurations. The system of roads and parking places becomes a secondary cosmology, wherein motion is not transport but instruction. Vehicles do not carry bodies so much as rearrange states of attention.

There is also a craft not spoken of in official ledgers: the distribution of replacement forms. Objects arrive without lineage. They are complete in appearance yet incomplete in origin. They do not remember being made. These are placed into circulation by a vast and indifferent mechanism that offers tools without repair, illumination without silence, abundance without continuity.

From this arises a particular suffering and a particular utility. For where memory is absent, interpretation becomes law.

Subpar Bear demonstrates this without declaration. He strikes surfaces not to produce sound but to determine whether sound still agrees to exist. Each vibration is a question posed

to matter: are you still coherent, or merely adjacent to coherence?

Freddy Bubbles observes these actions and names them illness, then ritual, then pedagogy, then again illness, as if diagnosis were itself a rotating substance that cannot decide whether it is cure or description.

At times they move together through the city in a conveyance that resists proper classification. It produces noise that resembles instruction. It proceeds as though the road were an uncertain hypothesis. Inside it, language disintegrates into fragments of recognition: sweetness, motion, repetition, correction.

It is here that the deeper principle becomes visible.

For whenever systems of distribution expand without limit, they begin to manufacture coincidence as a substitute for origin. Objects meet other objects without intention, yet behave as though summoned. This is not miracle, nor error, but fermentation of the coincidental substance within matter itself.

Thus identical things appear in different places. Thus thoughts arrive already repeated. Thus the

city begins to resemble a manuscript written by no single hand but by the pressure of many unfinished drafts pressing through one another.

The keepers of subterranean works—those who attend to pressure beneath the visible streets—note that when circulation increases above, the depths respond with overcompensation. Flow demands counterflow. Silence is mistaken for failure and therefore multiplied into excess activity. In this manner, correction becomes disturbance, and maintenance becomes escalation.

Above, the air thickens again. Subpar Bear looks upward as though reading something written in invisible ink across the underside of weather. Freddy Bubbles laughs, but the laughter is diagnostic rather than emotional. It indicates recognition of pattern recurrence.

It is asked, though no one present agrees on who asked:
If every stabilization produces the conditions of its own undoing, then what is stability except a delay in recognition?

No answer is permitted to settle. The city refuses conclusion.

Instead, there is movement. Not forward, not backward, but into adjacent configurations of the same unresolved material. The bear continues to strike surfaces. The man continues to alter his appearance as though identity were a fluid reagent requiring periodic recalibration.

And beneath all of it, the unseen mechanisms persist: circulation without origin, distribution without memory, pressure without rest. Yet even this persistence is not failure, for in the absence of completion, continuation itself becomes the only available form of order.

Thus it is written in no archive but nevertheless occurs:
What is broken does not cease. It only changes the method by which it insists upon remaining intelligible.

Citations

Lee, C. M., and R. Wall. 2006. "Cow-Dung Colonization and Decomposition Following Insect Exclusion." *Bulletin of Entomological Research* 96, no. 3 (June): 315–322. https://doi.org/10.1079/ber2006428

We open on a vast, indifferent meadow. Cut to a steaming, majestic mound of bovine waste. This is the ultimate object of desire—the discarded surplus of the pasture's digestive economy, a pure manifestation of reality that civilized society pretends does not exist. Enter our protagonists: a motley crew of chitinous, fast-talking insect larvae who arrive like a troupe of frantic garment-district liquidators looking to clear out the inventory. By constructing a wire cage over the dung, the researchers perform an act of pure structural exclusion. Cut off from the social order of the insect world for a mere forty-eight hours, the pat refuses to break down; it languishes in a tragic, undecomposed stasis, proving that without the industrious chewing of the other, we are all just sitting in a field, waiting for the grass to grow.

Tamrazyan, H. 2026. "From Stone to Standards: A Digital Heritage Interoperability Model for Armenian Epigraphy Within the Leiden and EpiDoc Frameworks." *Heritage* 9, no. 1 (January): 27–43.

Picture a damp, stone-carved monastery wall, brooding under an overcast sky. Close-up on a chisel biting into cold basalt. Here, the text is not merely written; it is violently incised into the very bedrock of existence, an unchangeable symptom carved into the petrified skeleton of history. The author watches this ancient inscribed trauma struggle to articulate itself within the cold, computerized grid of modern database architecture. It is a madcap masquerade where 10th-century religious guilt is hastily refitted into a tuxedo of XML tags. We are looking at a desperate, brilliant attempt to translate the heavy, unyielding architecture of ancestral loss into the weightless, flickering phantom of digital metadata.

Gunkel, Ann Hetzel. 2020. "The Space of the New Ethnic Neighborhood: Polka Festival as Imagined Community." *New Horizons in English*

Studies 4, no. 5: 186–207. https://doi.org/10.17951/nh.2020.5.186-207

A dizzying flash-frame: a pair of lederhosen collides with a link of kielbasa, backed by a frantic, oom-pah rhythm track. This is not music; it is an aggressive, rhythmic juxtaposition designed to spark a synthetic national consciousness in the middle of a rented American banquet hall. The researcher tracks this globalized polka phenomenon not as a quaint folk pastime, but as a mobile, frantic defense mechanism against the alienation of modern geography. The immigrant subject, displaced and yearning for a homeland that never actually existed, constructs an "imagined community" out of beer foam and three-four time. The bellows of the accordion pump wildly, inhaling the anxieties of displacement and exhaling a loud, syncopated defiance against the void of the melting pot.

Wang, X. 2025. "Rubber Fatigue Revisited: A State-of-the-Art Review Expanding on Prior Works by Tee, Mars and Fatemi." *Polymers* 17, no. 7 (March): 918–940.

We pan across a pristine, black, vulcanized tread spinning at highway speeds. An extreme, microscopic close-up reveals a tiny, invisible fissure tearing inside the polymer matrix. This is the structural flaw in the ego, the hidden neurosis that builds silently under the relentless, cyclical pressure of everyday locomotion. The author reviews this mechanical tragedy with the cold eye of a forensic investigator inspecting a broken marriage. The tire, pristine on the outside, is actually a hotbed of internal contradictions and stress-based damage parameters. When the catastrophic blowout finally occurs on some rain-slicked turnpike, it represents the sudden, violent intrusion of harsh reality through the smooth, comforting surface of our engineered illusions.

Lin, Nan-Hung, Chin-Hsuan Liu, Posen Lee, Lan-Yuen Guo, Jia-Li Sung, Chen-Wen Yen, and Lih-Jiun Liaw. 2020. "Backward Walking Induces Significantly Larger Upper-Mu-Rhythm Suppression Effects Than Forward Walking Does." ***Sensors*** **20, no. 24 (December): 7250–7266. https://doi.org/10.3390/s20247250**

Cut to a pair of wingtips moving in reverse. Invert the film speed and superimpose a flashing grid of encephalographic brainwaves. By forcing the human subject to walk backward, the investigators throw a massive monkey wrench into the automated machinery of daily life. The subject believes they are moving toward a destination, but their heels tell a story of regression toward the origin. This backward stride acts as a profound subversion of the linear narrative. The neurological data reveals a massive, chaotic suppression of the upper-mu-rhythm—a brainwave riot indicating that the sensorimotor cortex has suddenly been jarred out of its comfortable, forward-facing slumber. It is a slapstick routine elevated to a clinical science, proving that to truly understand the brain's frantic steering mechanism, one must occasionally throw the entire apparatus into reverse and march headfirst into where we have already been.

Wise, T. 2007. "Yodel Species: A Typology of Falsetto Effects in Popular Music Vocal Styles." *Radical Musicology* 2, no. 1: 1–24.

We close on a human throat, muscles tensing. The audio track features a deep chest resonance that suddenly, violently snaps into a shrill, piercing falsetto. This acoustic collision is the ultimate vocal montage—the deliberate, theatrical exposure of the split within the speaking subject. The singer refuses to maintain the comfortable illusion of a single, unified voice. Instead, they gleefully showcase the linguistic crack, the precise anatomical fault line where the civilized identity fractures into a wild, soaring register. The author builds a meticulous taxonomy of this vocal technology, tracking the "yodel break" across global musical genres, showcasing a performance that traditional high culture has spent centuries trying to ignore, suppress, or domesticate.

THE PANOPTICON INSTITUTE FOR RECURSIVE INQUIRY

(FOWL FEATHERED REVIEW / BACKPAGE BROADSIDE EDITION / VOL. IX: THE BUREAU OF ERRANT KNOWLEDGE)

BEHOLD THE CURIOUS CALLING OF ERRANT SCHOLARS, DREAMERS, AND UNREGISTERED THINKERS! A MARVEL OF MODERN ARCANA DISGUISED AS AN INSTITUTE OF LEARNING!

HEY—YOU—YES YOU WITH THE THINKING FACE AND THE QUESTIONABLE FUTURE—

step forth, step sideways, step entirely out of sequence—

the PANOPTICON INSTITUTE FOR RECURSIVE INQUIRY is now enrolling, unenrolling, re-enrolling, and generally confounding the very ledgers of destiny itself in a low-ceiling civic zone between a defunct department store, a reflexology parlor of uncertain

doctrine, and a vending machine that occasionally produces annotations instead of snacks.

📯 HEAR THE ANNOUNCEMENT IN TRIPLICATE, WRITTEN IN SNOW AND STATIC:

"We got knowledge so deep it requires a snorkel, a ladder, and a provisional understanding of your own biography!"

"HERE COMES THE JUDGE—AND HE HAS NOT YET DECIDED WHETHER YOU ARE A QUESTION OR A DOCUMENT!"

"THE SYLLABUS WAS LAST SEEN NEGOTIATING ITS OWN LEGIBILITY IN A CORRIDOR OF UNSTABLE LIGHTING!"

⚠ STEP FORTH, SEEKER OF PECULIAR WISDOM! ⚠

FOR HERE ARE OFFERED:

diplomas that precede their instruction

lectures delivered in fractured continental weather patterns

metaphysics served in chipped institutional porcelain

accreditation so irregular it circles back into legitimacy by misadventure

📣 CALL NOW—OR DO NOT—THE TELEPHONE IS ALREADY RECORDING YOUR INTENTIONS IN DUPLICATE.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY AND SOMEWHAT FORBIDDEN TREATISE UPON WANDERING SIGNIFIERS, BEING ALSO A FLUXUS INSTRUCTION SET, CRACKPOT ALCHEMICAL TABLET, AND EDUCATIONAL RELIC OF THE LOWER HALLS

☩ ARTICLE I — OF DRUNKEN SIGNIFICATION AND THE STAGGERING LETTER WHEREIN IT IS PROVED THAT MEANING MOVES LIKE A DISBANDED REGIMENT THROUGH RAIN

The signifier no longer points.
It stumbles.
It reels through language like a tired herald who has forgotten which kingdom he serves.
Meaning is not delivered.
It is spilled.

☩ ARTICLE II — OF THE LOW INSTITUTES OF BROKEN HALLS AND IMPROVISED LEARNING WHEREIN EDUCATION OCCURS WITHOUT PERMISSION OR STABILITY

Education is not transmitted.
It is:
shouted through cracked brass speaking horns
written on the reverse of expired municipal forms
whispered by instructors who may themselves be misunderstandings
The classroom is wherever attention refuses to remain seated.

☩ ARTICLE III – OF CRACKPOT ALCHEMY MOST HIGH AND QUESTIONABLE DECLARATION OF TRANSMUTATION BY ERROR AND PERSISTENT MISREADING

All substances are symbolic until they misbehave.
All symbols are material until they collapse under their own enthusiasm.
Gold is what happens when:
failure persists long enough to be mistaken for method
method forgets its function and becomes decorative
decoration begins issuing instructions

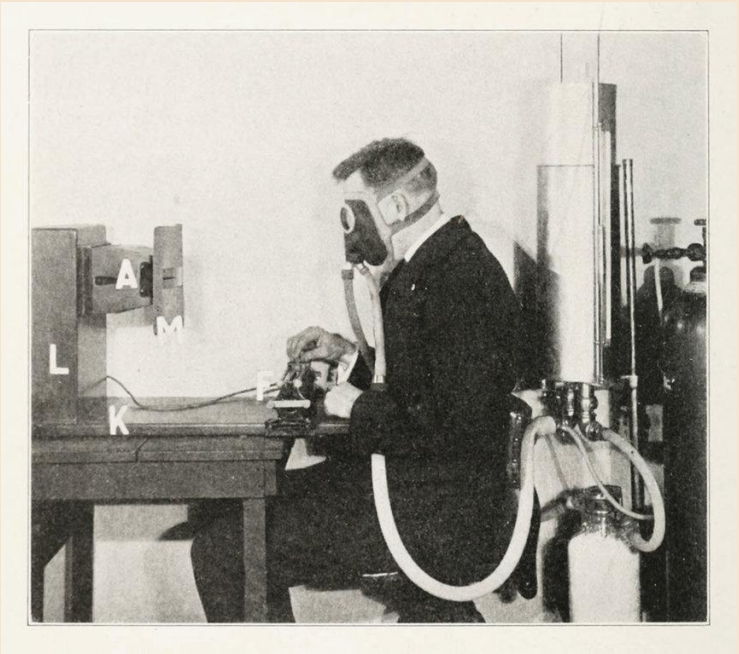
☩ ARTICLE IV – OF FLUXUS INSTRUCTION MOST RADICAL AND UNAUTHORIZED COMMAND FOR PERFORMATIVE DISASSEMBLY OF TEXT AND OBJECT

Take heed:
cut the text into fragments
rearrange without consultation
affix fragments to a radiator or other warm bureaucratic surface

allow weather to annotate the result
declare it an examination artifact

☩ ARTICLE V — OF THE MIRROR THAT REFUSES TO STAY STILL
NOTE ON THE SUBJECT AS MISFILED ECHO IN ADMINISTRATIVE SPACE

The subject is:
a clerical error that learned to speak in complete sentences.
Desire is:
paperwork missing its explanation
corridors reflecting themselves incorrectly
diplomas that already exist but await recognition



NOSCE TE IPSUM, MISREAD IT WELL.

ERRARE HUMANUM, PERSISTERE MAGISTERIUM.

THE

PANOPTICON INSTITUTE FOR RECURSIVE INQUIRY

BUREAU OF ERRANT KNOWLEDGE & IMPROBABLE CERTIFICATION

PERAMBULA, ERRA, RIDE, RUMINA.

SAPIENTIA NON CAPTUR. SED COLLIGITUR.

DISCIPULUS ERRATICUS, MAGISTER NULLIUS.

LINGUA EST LABYRINTHUS.

TESTIMONIUM MIRABILIS ET ERRATICUM

BE IT KNOWN THROUGHOUT ALL QUIET CORRIDORS,
UNSTABLE HALLS, AND UNREGISTERED STUDY ZONES:

THAT THE BEARER HEREIN NAMED

YOUR NAME HERE

HATH PASSED THROUGH THE THREE-FOLD STRANGE EXAMINATION:

THE ADVERTISEMENT MOST DELIRIOUS | THE MANIFESTO MOST FRACTURED | THE OBJECT MOST IMPROBABLE

FIELD OF STRANGE STUDIES

- ☐ Minor Arcana Bureaucratic Distortion
- ☐ Linguistic Drift and Skaldic Compression Arts
- ☐ Applied Vaudeville Ontology
- ☐ Fluxus Instructional Disassembly Practice
- ☐ Crackpot Alchemical Reasoning (Unregulated but Functional)
- ☐ Diner Semiotics & Jukebox Cosmology

METHOD OF CERTIFICATION

INSTITUTUM ERRATICUM

By means of:

- sustained misreading of unstable instruction fields
- extraction of coherence from contradictory text masses
- recognition of hidden instruction beneath apparent nonsense
- endurance of semantic turbulence without withdrawal
- acceptance of humor at structurally inappropriate moments

LITTERA FUGIT SENSUS MANET

DECLARATION OF AUTHORITY

This diploma is hereby proclaimed:

- ☐ not accredited in any jurisdiction
- ☐ not unaccredited in any stable sense but misreading

It is valid only in:

- marginalia of uncertain provenance
- basements where fluorescent lighting hesitates
- kiosks of doubtful municipal standing
- and any place where language begins behaving like weather

FINAL CLAUSE OF RECOGNITION

THOU HAST NOT RECEIVED THIS DIPLOMA.
THOU HAST ONLY NOTICED THAT IT WAS ALREADY
BEING CUT OUT OF THE PAGE BEFORE THOU BEGANST TO READ.

TEMPORIS EDAX DIPLOMA MANET

NON SCHOLAE SED VITAE DISCIMUS

ARCHIVIST OF ACCIDENTAL RECORDS

REGISTRAR OF UNSTABLE MEANING

CUT HERE • FRAME HERE • MISREAD FOREVER